

**Dilatary.**  
"It's kind of discouraging, isn't it?" said Mr. Currier, "kind of discouraging."  
"What is, father?"  
"It's nearly a month since you read your graduation essay, and they haven't taken your advice on how to run the Government yet."—Washington Star.

**Best for the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cassarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cassarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

**Men with Weak Intellects.**  
The captain on a Cunard forced a "skin" gambler to give up his gains. The gambler, of course, regards it as an unjust discrimination, as a man who does not read the papers enough to keep away from steamboat poker is pretty sure to give his money to the first hump man he meets after he goes ashore.—Washington Star.

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smelling, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Insouciant.**  
She—I don't believe you're telling the truth.  
He—You are most annoying sometimes. I suppose you think you can read me like a book.  
"Oh no. Like a paragraph, I should say."—Philadelphia Press.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Don't swear at the mercury. May be it has been climbing up to find a cool place.—Indianapolis News.

"Do you do family washing?" "No, ma'am; I wash clothes."—Indianapolis News.

**To Prevent Diphtheria**  
Use Hoaxie's Croup Cure. No nausea. 50c. Mirth is nature's best remedy for ills.—Chicago Daily News.

**Down 12,000 Feet for Gold.**  
After the unfortunate war in South Africa is over, a scientific problem of much interest will be presented to the engineers of the Transvaal gold mines. Some of the shafts recently opened in the Rand are expected to go down 4,000 or 5,000 feet in search of gold-bearing veins, but in the future, Mr. John Yates says, it may be necessary to descend 12,000 feet. That, he thinks, will be about the limit of depth at which men can work, because the temperature there will be at least 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Other engineers think the shafts could be sunk several thousand feet lower through the adoption of devices for cooling the air.—Youth's Companion.

**Electric Fans in India.**  
American ingenuity has upset an ancient custom in India. For centuries every rajah and even the minor potentates have had special men to fan them during their waking hours. These men are known as punkas, and the position was one of honor and profit. Now their situations are gone, for every rajah has bought an American electric fan with a motor to run it. The punkas have told the superstitious people that the fans are worked by a little devil in the motor that turns the wheels. This, no doubt, saves many inquisitive fingers from being amputated, but the rajahs are not scared a bit.—Golden Days.

**Traveling German Students.**  
German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big "früh-schoppen" for them in Bucharest.—N. Y. Times.

**THE GREATEST GIFT.**  
One man would give his soul for wealth. And one craves mainly grace; One sighs for strength and perfect health. One for a handsome face. One longs to have the gift of song. And one would hear the cheers of people as he strides along; But oh that I might be as he! That puts himself up foolishly. Supporting all men stop to see How splendid he appears.  
One risks his life pursuing fame. One burns the midnight oil. To make his name a deathless name. And one for love may toil; One tries to be supreme in art. And one wastes precious years For power in the busy mart. But none has goodness such as he. Has in his heart so blissfully. Boasts of himself and cannot see How foolish he appears.  
—S. E. Kierst, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**AN OLD SONG**  
By Mrs. Moses P. Handy.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

**LICE FRAZIER** was 22 years of age when she married Silas Hopkins; she was 27 when he died, leaving her sole heir to all his wealth. Strictly speaking, it would be more correct to say that she married her; she had small volition in the matter.  
It had never occurred to her to regard Mr. Hopkins as a possible suitor. Almost as old as her father, his hair nearly as gray, he had been the familiar friend of the family ever since she could remember. As a child she sat on his knee, and he brought her toys and candy; as a young lady he kept her supplied with flowers and matinee tickets.

The Fraziers were well off enough to have all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, but they could not afford superfluities. Mr. Frazier was a director of the Bull Dog Security bank, in which also his moderate fortune was invested; having implicit confidence in the bank, he had not hesitated to trust all his eggs therein.  
It was the old story of a bank president and treasurer speculating with the money of the depositors, and when the consequent crash came Mr. Frazier was overwhelmed, not only because of his personal loss, but by a crushing sense of responsibility for the losses sustained by others. He argued that as a director he should have detected and prevented dishonesty before it entailed ruin.

This was why the shock killed him; not instantly, but she lingered for days afterwards, but the news brought on a paralytic stroke from which he never entirely rallied.  
Alice was away, visiting a wealthy relative at a fashionable seaside resort, when the calamity befell. It was Mr. Hopkins who sent the dispatch announcing her father's illness; Mr. Hopkins who with his coupe met her at the railway station when she hurried home.

Alice found her father tormented by anxiety, which amounted to anguish, about his wife and daughter. His life was insured for a trifling sum, so small that it was impossible they could live on it even after his death; meanwhile he was helpless and bankrupt.  
Then it was that Mr. Hopkins asked Alice to be his wife, saying, simply, that he had loved her for years, but never thought to tell her so. Now he ventured to beg that in her time of need she would give him the right to provide for her and hers. And, without waiting for Alice to answer, he assured her father that to do so would be the greatest happiness which he could ask.

Oh, the look of ineffable relief which came into the face of the dying man! He did not ask if his daughter were willing, but, bracing himself to a final effort, took her hand and laid it in that of his friend. "God bless you both," he murmured, and then, with a smile on his lips, went out into the Great Hereafter.

After this it was more than ever Mr. Hopkins who did everything. Alice felt herself bound hand and foot; although the bonds were of softest silk, they were strong as steel.  
How could she tell them about Dick? Dick, who loved her, and whom she loved dearly, but who had nothing but his youth and strength, his manly beauty and his pay as ensign in the United States navy? Dick, for whom she had promised to wait a lifetime, if need be, and who had sailed away on a three-years' cruise the day before Mr. Hopkins' telegram came.

There was a naval station near the watering place where Alice was visiting, and the officers of the man-of-war in port were coming and going continually. As one of the prettiest girls at the Cape, Alice had been one of the belles of the season. She and Richard Harvie had fallen in love with each other, after the usual frequent manner of young things who take no thought of the future. They had settled it that they were to be married when Dick got his "step"; meanwhile he was to perform prodigies of valor, and it would be happiness to be engaged.

There were moments when Alice felt impelled to tell Mr. Hopkins the story and throw herself upon his magnanimity, which she felt sure would not fail, but, refrained, for the sake of her mother. Crushed and broken-hearted, Mrs. Frazier had but one joy left, the satisfaction which she took in her daughter's engagement to Mr. Hopkins. When it came to the point, Alice felt that she must suffer anything rather than deprive her of that.

She wrote to Dick and waited feverishly for an answer, her letter being scarcely more than an incoherent appeal for advice. Weeks passed, bringing no reply, and Alice, although herself bitterly understood at the Cape that Miss Frazier was the only child of well-to-do parents.

She let Mr. Hopkins and her mother the wedding day, and resigned herself to the inevitable. It was on her marriage morn that the expected letter came.  
I am deeply grieved to hear of your loss and sympathize with your mother. Justice to yourself, since you ask my counsel, I must advise you to accept your wealthy suitor, a poor devil like me cannot expect to count.  
"May you have all the happiness you deserve."  
"Sincerely yours,"  
"R. S. HARVIE."

Alice read the note twice, seeing only the sarcasm, and not the pain beneath.

between the lines. It stung her to the quick, yet she felt relief that he had accepted the situation so quietly. The letter burned the note and set herself steadfastly to forget the writer. The majority of women are like cats, in that they purr to the hand which strokes them gently and accept life's cream graciously.

Mr. Hopkins adored his young wife and rejoiced to gratify her every whim. Moreover, Alice had always been fond of him, and to her surprise she found herself by no means unhappy. It would be too much to say that she ceased to remember Dick, but that young man was thousands of miles away, and the thinking did no harm, even though, during the Spanish war, she searched the newspapers for news of him, and felt a little thrill of pride and pleasure when she saw that Ensign Richard Scott Harvie had been promoted to a lieutenant for distinguished gallantry in action. She could not guess that Dick, pierced to the core by what he considered her mercenary course, had made up his mind to let her see that the loss had been hers.

That was shortly before Mr. Hopkins was taken ill—a long and serious illness—and Alice's anxiety drove everything else out of her mind. Her husband's death was a genuine grief to her, all the greater because she felt that in return for his whole heart she had given him so little of her own. She missed him even more when she had done her father, and fell into a sort of apathy which lasted until she was roused by the discovery that her mother's health was failing.

"It is nothing serious," the doctors told her. "She needs change of air rather than medicine. Take her to Old Point Comfort. This climate is deadly at this time of year."  
The change did good to both mother and daughter. Alice soon found herself taking more than a languid interest in life. The proximity of Portsmouth, with its navy yard, made naval uniforms a frequent sight, and revived old memories.

It was scarcely a surprise to her when, as she entered the hotel parlor one evening after dinner, she found herself face to face with Dick Harvie. Involuntarily she extended high hands.

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed, and recovered her self-possession almost instantly, feeling the chill of his manner. Mr. Harvie barely touched her hand with one of his; the other arm rested in a sling. "Mrs. Hopkins?" he said, coolly. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

Alice shrank into herself, like a sea anemone, but she managed to ask, politely: "You have been wounded?"  
"Only a trifle. My ship and I are both in dock for repairs. Excuse me, but I feel her to join a group at the further end of this room to-night."

Thereafter, although they saw each other almost every day, their intercourse was of the scantiest. Alice was persuaded that Dick wished to avoid her, and kept carefully out of his way. This was not difficult. All the other women lionized him as a hero, and Alice, as befitted her widow's weeds, held herself aloof from gay company. She had no idea that the old wound rankled still in her lover's heart; that he shunned her as a burnt child dreads the fire.

"He despises me too much to notice me," she told herself, bitterly, and devoted herself more tenderly to her mother.

A week went by thus; then fate led Dick Harvie past the door of the music room, where he heard a well-remembered voice in song. He paused behind the heavy portiere in time to hear Alice sing a ballad of "Laurie Laurie." "How beautifully you sing those Scotch ballads," said one admiring voice.

"Pray don't stop," cooed another. "You know 'Auld Robin Gray,' do you not, Mrs. Hopkins?" asked the accompanist, a musician in the pay of the hotel. "Pray sing it for us; it is so admirably adapted to your voice," and she played the prelude without waiting for yes or no.

There was a little tremor in Alice's voice as she began, or at least Dick fancied so, but as she sang it disappeared, and she held her little audience spellbound. Dick, listening behind the curtain, scarcely breathed while the thrilling tones rehearsed the pathetic tale of filial self-sacrifice. It moved him to the depths, and his eyes were moist as she sang the last verse:

For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me, But I'll do my best a gude wife to be; As the song ended, with a half sob which was the perfection of artistic finish, there was a murmur of applause and earnest requests for more. But Alice excused herself, smilingly; she had already left her mother too long.

As she passed through the portiere, on her way out, her eyes cast down to hide the tears which were ready to start, a hand was laid on her arm, and she lifted her lashes to meet Dick's eyes with the old love-look in them which she knew so well.

"Was that really and truly the way of it, Alice?" he whispered. And Alice could only sob, under her breath: "Oh, Dick!"

**Good Year for Secret Service.**  
The annual report of Chief Wilkie, of the secret service division, treasury department, submitted to Secretary Gage, indicated that this has been the most successful year in the history of the division. During the 12 months ending June 30, 1901, there were placed in circulation but four counterfeit notes, against an average of about 10 for each year during the preceding 10 years. Only one of these new notes was at all dangerous, the others being the product of unskilled workmanship. The total amount of counterfeit currency which came into the possession of the division during the year amounted to \$30,056, while \$18,117 in counterfeit coin was confiscated. Coin counterfeiting decreased all over the country except in New York city and vicinity, where there has been a gradual increase in this class of crime, particularly cases in which genuine silver forms the basis of the imitations. The arrests for 12 months show a total of 594.

**Lawlessness in Philadelphia.**  
Secretary Gibboney, of the Law and Order society, of Philadelphia, says that there are 1,100 disorderly houses, 2,200 policy shops and 1,100 "speak-easies" in that city.

## IN THE WORLD OF ART.

**Mrs. Winfield Taylor Durbin**, wife of the governor of Indiana, is an admirer of good pictures and has a splendid collection of paintings which she gathered during several trips abroad.

The Thesens temple in the Volks Garten at Vienna has a fine collection of colored statues and colored columns and pilasters from Ephesus, got together by Austrian excavators from 1895 to 1899.

M. Camille Flammarion, at the last session of the Astronomical society of France, presented a portrait of Galileo to its collections. The portrait is authentic. The frame antedates Galileo's time, and is of wood, carved with the 12 signs of the Zodiac.

Mr. Frith, the Royal academician, once painted two pictures for Charles Dickens. The subjects were selected by the novelist, and were Dolly Varden and Kate Nickleby. Dickens paid him \$200 for the two, and after the novelist's death the former was sold for \$5,000.

The Paris Galignani says that statues of the following named celebrities are to be erected in Paris by the municipal authorities: Garibaldi, Raudelaire, Pasteur, Gounod, Balzac, Spenser, De Musset, Ronsard, Jules Simon, Verlaine, Gen. Dumas, Alexander Dumas fils, Garnier, Auguste Comte, Daubet and Hugo.

One of the most successful pictures shown in this year's Royal academy was painted by a young woman, Lucy Kemp-Welch. It has been purchased by the trustees of the Chantry bequest. The subject is "Lord Dundonloch on a Ladyship," and it is said to be wonderfully truthful in its presentation of detail.

A portrait of George, prince of Wales, by J. Russell, R. A., was sold lately in London for \$3,400, by the descendant of a Mr. Madocks, who, in 1791 won the picture in a contest with the bow. The prince is shown in his uniform as president of the Royal Kentish bowmen, and in the background the Royal Kentishmen are contending for the prize.

## IN THE WORLD OF ART.

Russia has 3,100 steam vessels. The next public congress will be held in 1904 at Milan.

Germany exported over \$1,000,000 worth of soap and perfumes in 1899.

Three new railway lines are to be constructed on the eastern and northeastern shores of the Baltic sea. The economy production in Greece has increased so much within a few years that silk is now exported to France.

Perfumes were introduced into Spain by the Arabs, who brought many recipes for making them from the east.

Native musicians are rather at a discount in Switzerland. At the great national fetes German and military bands are usually employed.

An old house has been discovered in Lisbon which dates from the great earthquake of 1755. It is thought that a whole street of buried houses lies in line with the one discovered.

## THE MARKETS.

New York, July 22.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.10 to 6.10
HOGS—Fair to Choice	3.50 to 4.25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2.50 to 3.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10 to 1.15
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.80 to .85
OATS—No. 2 White	.60 to .65
POULTRY—Mixed	1.50 to 1.75
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.00 to 6.00
HOGS—Fair to Choice	3.50 to 4.25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2.50 to 3.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10 to 1.15
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.80 to .85
OATS—No. 2 White	.60 to .65
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.00 to 6.00
HOGS—Fair to Choice	3.50 to 4.25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2.50 to 3.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10 to 1.15
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.80 to .85
OATS—No. 2 White	.60 to .65

## A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH.

**She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Pe-ru-na.**

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd st., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:  
"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any. Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged. I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a catarrh remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called catarrh remedies and catarrh tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



We would therefore caution all people against accepting these substitutes. Insist upon having Peruna. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

## No Great Loss.

Inkeeper (after wagonload of hunters has departed)—Silas, did you find room in their wagon for them six cases of beer and the case of whisky?  
Silas—Yes, I got everything in—er—gash all hemlock! I forgot to put in their guns!  
"What! ye had rummed—oh, well—they'll never miss 'em!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Both Had One.

An enthusiastic Louisiana fisherman had great luck while fishing on the Illinois river recently. During the day he wired his wife: "I've got one, weighs seven pounds and is a beauty." He was wonderfully surprised to receive the following reply from his wife: "So have I. Weighs ten pounds. He isn't a beauty. Looks like you."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Bloodshed Avoided.

Jones—What would you do if your burglar alarm went off in the night?  
Brown—Well, in the dark, you know, it would take me a good while to find my shoes and my pistol, and that would give the burglar time to get away.—Detroit Free Press.

## That's Different.

When a full grown man robs a bird's nest, he is not in the same category as the small boy. He is allotted to an ornithological class.—Washington Post.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

France bought \$809,200 worth of toys of Germany in 1900.

St. Petersburg, Russia, is discussing a \$100,000,000 overhead railroad.

Residents in England have £110,000,000 invested in mortgages in foreign countries.

The exportation of beer from France has increased in ten years from 947,421 gallons to 2,144,030 gallons.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each of which drains 319 acres of land, at an average cost of 25 cents an acre a year.

The total census of Malta gives the total population, including troops, as 157,000, an increase in ten years of about 8,000.

New Zealand has so many rapid streams and rivers that their water might be easily utilized to supply motive power for machinery.

A German correspondent at Moscow says the Russian police have come to the conclusion that in student riots the female students are always the most aggressive persons.

At a meeting of the National Poultry Organization association it was stated that the annual consumption of eggs in the United Kingdom averages 130 per head of the population.

## JOHNSON AT WORK AGAIN.

Racine, Wis., July 22nd.—John Johnson, of No. 924 Hamilton Street, this city, is a happy man.

For years he has suffered with Kidney and Urinary trouble. He was so broken down that he was forced to quit work. Everything he tried failed, till a friend of his recommended a new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Johnson used them, and the result surprised him. He is well as ever he was, completely cured, and working away every day.

His case is regarded by those who knew how very bad he was, as almost a miracle, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are a much talked of medicine.

## Arrange Your Summer Trip

TO VISIT THE

**Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo,**

May 1st to Nov. 1st, 1901.

NIAGARA FALLS.

One of the Seven Wonders of the World, within an hour's ride from Buffalo.

Thousand Islands, Muskoka Lakes, the Adirondacks and New England points are but a short and delightful ride by lake or rail.

**SPECIAL LOW RATE EXCURSIONS**

VIA

**Big Four Route**

TO BUFFALO.

Stop-over allowed at Buffalo on all Through Tickets on Payment of One Dollar.

HARRIS J. LYNCH, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

## KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!

THE ORIGINAL

**TOWER'S**

**FISH BRAND**

**DOMMEL SLICKER**

PROTECTS BOTH

RIBBER AND SADDLE

HARDEST STORM!

CATALOGUES FREE

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GENTS AND HATS

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

No Patent. No Pay

50 Cent Bottle, 10 Cent Bottle

25 Cent Bottle, 10 Cent Bottle

10 Cent Bottle, 10 Cent Bottle

5 Cent Bottle, 10 Cent Bottle

2 Cent Bottle, 10 Cent Bottle

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